



The Pretty Primrose Girl.

COME buy of poor Mary, primroses I sell
 Thro' London fam'd city I'm known
 mighty well,
 Though my heart is quite snnk, yet I con-
 stantly cry,
 Who'll buy my primroses? who'll buy,
 who'll buy!

Friends and parents I've none; I ne'er saw
 their face,
 I wander about, the poor child of disgrace:
 Yet rhoug' poor, I am honest, and oft heave
 a sigh,
 While crying primroses. Who'll buy, who'll
 buy!

My equals despise me, and say I am proud,
 Because I avoid them, and keep from their
 crowd:

From wicked temptations I ever will fly,
 I live by primroses. Who'll buy, who'll buy?

Atone and unpity'd, I'm look'd on with scorn
 Ah! better for me had I never been born;
 Here I sue for protection, while plaintive I cry
 Who'll buy my primroses! who'll buy, who'll
 buy?

